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Among the best of the other narratives are Mr. Charles Packe's account of "The Passage of the Port d'Oo, and Ascent of the Pic des Posets," in the Pyrenees; Mr. John F. Hardy's account of "A Visit to the Jökuls Glacier," in Norway; Mr. F. F. Tuckett's account of an excursion to "The Hunting Grounds of Victor Emmanuel"; and Mr. Edward Whymper's description of "The Ascent of Mont Pelvoux," in Dauphiné. Beside the narrative papers, there are also an interesting chapter on the "Phenomena observed on Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers," one of "Hypsometrical Suggestions," and another comprising numerous tables of altitudes, and a few notes and appendices discussing scientific questions.

Miss Sewell's volume simply gathers up from her journals and letters the record of her impressions of the different objects and persons seen during a short residence on the Continent, with an occasional picturesque description or a brief criticism; and as such it will be read with interest for the light which it throws on the intellectual character of a writer who has enjoyed much popularity both in England and in this country.

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10. — 1. *The Poems of* ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH. With a Memoir by CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1862. 24mo. pp. xxxvi. and 299. [Blue and Gold.]
2. *The Poems of* OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1862. 24mo. pp. 410. [Blue and Gold.]

THE life of Arthur Hugh Clough was rich in the promise of usefulness to others and of literary fame for himself; but his death, when he was little more than forty, disappointed the well-grounded hopes of his friends, and now no adequate memorial of his powers remains. His edition of Dryden's Plutarch must, indeed, always be a splendid monument to his ripe scholarship, and "The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich" is a production of great merit. But with these exceptions his writings are but little known, and are not likely to obtain a large measure of popularity. Many of the pieces in the posthumous collection of his Poems named above did not receive his final revision; and even in reading the best of them, we are led to doubt whether he possessed the elements of success as a poet. His imagination does not appear to have been very strong, nor his fancy very lively, while he had but a very limited power of poetical expression. His verse lacks fluency and harmony; and the thought is often so subtile that the necessities of the rhyme and metre interfere seriously with its clear and accurate statement. In a word, the thought is often sacrificed to the

rhythm, and the rhythm to the thought. The best of his poems is undoubtedly "The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich," or "Toper-na-Fuosich," as the name was printed when the poem was first published. Its fresh, animated, and genial tone, its picturesque descriptions, and its successful management of a difficult metre, alike contribute to make it a spirited and attractive production. Though its specific design is somewhat vague and undefined, no reader can fail to note its many beauties, or to be struck by the frequent originality and vigor of the thought. Next in merit to this poem we are inclined to place the latest of Mr. Clough's metrical productions, "Mari Magno," though it was not revised by the author before publication. Its plan is simple and effective, and the separate stories of which it is composed are well told. The other long poem, "Amours de Voyage," is too obscure and prolix ever to become popular, and, though it contains some striking and beautiful passages, it is as a whole wanting in sustained interest. The minor poems are chiefly valuable for the light which they throw on the writer's mental idiosyncrasies, and on the formation and growth of his opinions. The Memoir prefixed by Mr. Norton is a graceful tribute to the personal worth and scholarly attainments of his friend.

We have so often expressed our warm appreciation of the keen wit, the sparkling humor, the harmonious versification, and the kindly spirit by which Dr. Holmes's Poems are characterized, that we need do nothing more now than call the attention of our readers to the beautiful edition of them named above. No more elegant volume of its size has been issued from the American press; and both this volume and the collection of Clough's Poems are specimens of unusual beauty in every detail of ornamental typography.

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11. — *Edwin Brothertoft.* By THEODORE WINTHROP, Author of "Cecil Dreeme" and "John Brent." Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1862. 16mo. pp. 369.

IT is somewhat remarkable that one who had written so much and so well as Major Winthrop should not during his own life have acquired a wider reputation as an author. At the time of his death he was known, except to his intimate friends, only as the writer of two or three brilliant magazine articles descriptive of some early incidents in the history of the rebellion; but he left in manuscript two novels of which any young man might be proud. Of the merits of "Cecil Dreeme" and "John Brent" we have already had occasion to speak, and now we have a third posthumous novel, which seems, like its prede-